

a wolf among sheep by ldhren15

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Summary:

The Hero of Twilight is very quiet. He barely speaks to his companions, doesn't dare get too close for fear of them discovering his deepest secret.

But in a fight, things go horribly wrong, and he becomes trapped in his beastly form. To make matters worse, he is

stuck in his home village - where, to everyone, he is not a hero, but simply a monster.

And when no-one knows the truth, how can he possibly expect them to be able to help?

1. Chapter 1

Notes for the Chapter:

Hi guys! This is a little fic I've been toying with, only have a couple chapters written but I thought I'd just start posting it. No idea where it's going... I wanted more Twi / Wolfie angst involving Ordon and so I started on this fic.

Twi is a bit different here, he's quieter, as you'll see. Still I hope you can enjoy, and I am very open to comments and suggestions! :D

The band of heroes across the ages have only been together for a few weeks, and tensions are high. They all figured out pretty quickly the one golden, unspoken rule: never pry into another hero's life. By extension, do not ask about their adventures, companions, abilities - or above all, any secrets they may have. This has not been an issue for some, who freely offer information about their past. Everyone knows Warriors was a Captain in war, Wind sailed with pirates on a quest to save his sister, and Sky comes from a land in the clouds, and is deeply in love with his Zelda. Wild has amnesia, so he claims there is nothing much for him to tell anyway. Hyrule and Legend don't speak much of their adventures, and neither does Time, but the little things they say are enough to gather that theirs were some of the roughest. Four is one of the quietest regarding his adventure, making consistently vague comments, and telling a different story about his sword everytime it comes into conversation.

Then there is Twilight, who has not spoken a word of his adventure, nor his homeland. He asks for no information,

but also offers none. He is a complete mystery, even to Time and Wild, who seem to gravitate towards him a little more. Or perhaps he gravitates to them, no-one can tell for certain.

Twilight is the most quiet of them all, and the others are divided as to whether they fear him, or are intrigued by him.

The heroes have just begun setting up camp, in Wild's aptly-named Hyrule, when a mob of keese descend. Four and Wind take shelter by the taller heroes, who have to duck and shield their faces from the irritating creatures. Warriors and Legend grab their fire rods, and both shoot at the keese, but their attack is disorganised, the combined flames fanning out to take the trees instead of their targets.

"You idiot! You aimed in the same place I did!" Legend seethes.

"Well I didn't know you had a fire rod too," Warriors replies, rather miffed.

Legend spins to face the captain, about to snap out another snarky comment, but he stops and his eyes widen.

"Watch out!"

A hoard of monsters descend, mostly bokoblins and moblins with a few lizalfos there as well. The heroes startle into movement, grabbing whatever weapons they have to hand as they attack without coordination. Warriors starts to yell a basic plan, but his voice is drowned out by the clanging of metal and the angry cries from both sides. Time is quickest to react, his biggoron sword taking out a trio of lizalfos in an instant. Sky fights near him, the Master Sword blazing

through enemies in a similar manner. Hyrule fights with his sword, too, though his fingers spark infrequently, and some bokoblins fall without any visible wounds. Between Legend and Wild, with fire rod and fire arrows respectively, there is not much greenery surrounding that isn't aflame, and they're hindering more than helping the other heroes.

The only ones who have some semblance of a plan are Four and Wind, who use their smaller heights to their advantage, and focus on dealing damage to the taller moblins' legs so they topple over.

To any observer, the battle looks extremely chaotic, and not in the heroes' favour. They fight well as individuals, but struggle as a team, and it shows. Movements become sloppy, openings grow bigger, and the monsters keep on the offensive.

"We need to fall back," Time says.

"No," Legend snaps, "We've got this- shit!" he curses as a stray lizalfos blade scrapes over his shoulder, tearing both fabric and skin.

"He's right, we have to fall back," Warriors agrees, backing up as he fights off a group of bokoblins. His clothes are torn in places and stained, though with his blood or the monsters', it's unclear. The captain then signals to the others, but as Four and Wind begin their retreat, a dark portal suddenly manifests, and they're pulled into it. Sky notices and runs after them, Hyrule and Wild not far behind.

Legend huffs, "Guess that's where we're going, then."

Time frowns, but the veteran dispatches another bokoblin to clear the way to the portal, and heads in next. Warriors cusses as a few of the monsters tumble in, and he and Time

have to fight their way through to get to the portal, but finally they make it, just as the portal closes.

Time groans as he sits up, having no memory of falling in the first place, though the aches of his body prove it must've happened. He starts to take check of the others, then very quickly jumps to his feet, adrenaline clearing his mind as he notices the monsters that have followed them. Wind deals with a bokoblin that was headed for the unconscious Four, and Wild and Sky are the only others still standing and able to fight. When they see Time is up, the four heroes manage to coordinate and destroy the last of the monsters, in protection of their injured and unconscious friends. As Time's sword takes out the last lizalfos, his energy fades with it, and he barely manages to sit down before his legs give way.

"Steady," Sky says, and checks that Time isn't injured before he flits around trying to locate the others. Warriors landed not far from Time, and was knocked out in their switching, but he's waking up now, his chest stinging from the wounds of the battle that is now a world away. Hyrule, Legend, and Four are all completely unconscious, as they are after every switch. Sky knows from the last few times that Legend will wake soon and complain of a headache, and so will Hyrule, but Four will likely be unconscious for the rest of the day. Wind, Wild, and Sky himself are all accounted for, so that's all good -

Wait.

"Where's Twilight?" Sky asks, suddenly realising the ranchhand's absence.

'Not here?' Wild signs, a little panicked.

"I can't see him anywhere."

"Now that I come to think of it, I didn't see him in the battle," Warriors muses.

"Oh no!" exclaims Wind, "Did we leave him, in the other Hyrule?"

"I don't think that would be possible," says Time, "Even when we've been separated, we've all made it through portals to the next world, somehow."

"How have we missed him?"

"Well, he *is* very quiet," Warriors points out.

Wind sighs. "I know, but... he's a hero too. How have we only just noticed he's missing?"

"Because maybe he just slipped away? I might not have looked hard enough," Sky says, "I'll have another check around."

He turns and heads down a thin path in the woods, looking in the undergrowth in case Twilight fell and was knocked out, but he has no success. Sky is about to turn back when he hears a pained howl, and the unmistakable screech of a lizalfos. Drawing the Master Sword, he runs towards the sound, and sees in a clearing, the lizalfos attacking another creature. Sky catches a glimpse of a short, fluffy tail - a dog, perhaps? Without any further thought he plunges into the battle, slicing the lizalfos before the monster can even respond to him.

Then Sky turns, and finds himself staring at a wolf.

It's an unusual creature, larger than normal, he thinks, with peculiar facial markings, and intelligent eyes. They stare at each other for a couple of seconds before the wolf pivots

and half-runs, half-limps deeper into the trees. There's a pang in Sky's chest as he sees the slight trail of blood that the wolf has left, but he's not going to chase after a wild creature, not when he needs to find their missing companion. As he turns to head back, he stands on something odd, and glances down to see a familiar, thick cord, now torn and frayed.

"Anything?" Time asks, as Sky runs back over to them.

"Another lizalfos, but I dealt with him. The only trace I found was this," he holds out the cord, "It's Twilight's, isn't it?"

"Yeah, looks so," comments Wind, "Usually there's a funky-looking pendant there as well, but maybe he lost it?"

"This looks like it was cut, or maybe ripped off," Warriors remarks, taking the cord from Sky so he can examine it better.

'How?' Wild signs, 'Not enough time.'

"Maybe Twilight was further from us when we changed worlds? So he arrived in a different place?" suggests Wind.

"And then what, he was attacked? And had someone steal his pendant perhaps, is that what you think?" Warriors asks.

Wild just shrugs.

"Whatever happened, we now have two priorities," Time states firmly, "First, we figure out exactly *where* we are. And second - we search for Twilight."

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you so much for reading! :D

Next chapter should be coming soon, I just need to edit it a bit. After that I will definitely be taking suggestions for where you'd like to see this fic go! :D

Thanks again! ^-^

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

hello guess who finished their first playthrough of Twilight Princess and is now emotionally wounded
ahhhhskdjskek

this fic got more love and attention than I was expecting! so thank you all so much!!! <3

Twilight runs.

He knows it's a stupid thing to do, knows that he should stop and see to his injuries, try and calm himself down and switch back to his hylian form. But he can't *think* straight, can't breathe, his canine instincts are overwhelming after going so long without changing to this form.

The wolf wants to run, and so, he runs.

It's all his fault. The battle - the *ambush* - all because he decided to wander away from the camp, take advantage of the wilderness they'd found themselves in, and let the wolf free. It was painful as his bones twisted and protested, but once the pain faded, he was overwhelmed with such a sense of *relief*. This body was as much *his* as the hylian form, and he'd missed it.

As a wolf, he didn't need to think so hard, he didn't need to worry about keeping up appearances. His concerns were stripped to the most basic needs - food, water, shelter, and safety.

He'd let the latter slip.

Accidentally stumbling on a *massive* camp of monsters was foolish enough, but he had to be even more of an idiot, and run back to the heroes' camp. He intended to warn them, and only as he neared did he realise that he was still on four legs, rather than two. He stopped, and managed to shift back, but his stifled cry of pain was enough to alert the lizalfos that had been following the strange wolf.

A horn blew, and the rest of the monsters surged into action.

Twilight drew his sword, despite the pain coursing through his limbs, his body angry that he'd forced it back to this form so soon. He tried to fend off the monsters, and took a few down, but as he opened his mouth to yell and alert the heroes, one of the lizalfos got in a lucky slash.

Its blade nicked Twilight's chest, and cut straight through the ties on his necklace.

He stared in horror as the crystal fell, and immediately reached for it, not able to bear the thought of it shattering - *not shattering, not this darkness, not this twilight, no, not again* -

His hand grasped the crystal, and turned into a paw.

The transformation hurt even more, and his screams were drowned out by the war cries of the monsters. When the agony finally faded, he was alone, crouching down on four paws, bleeding from wounds he didn't remember getting. The cord was gone, likely pocketed by the lizalfos as some sort of treasure.

He ran towards the heroes' camp, and found the battle was almost over, with the heroes retreating through an unmistakable portal. He crept towards it, and slipped

through with a gaggle of monsters. Unfortunately, they weren't disorientated by the change of worlds, and turned to attack him as he tried to get his bearings. He cried out with the pain-

And then Sky came.

And Twilight panicked.

And the wolf ran.

The wolf ran, and he's still running, even though he's tiring and it feels like he's just going in circles. Gradually he realises that he *recognises* this place, these *woods*, and slows, until he is simply pacing, rather than running aimlessly.

Twilight takes a deep breath, and finally stops, crouched in the bushes near the foot of his treehouse - his *home*.

Deep breaths. He just needs to keep taking deep breaths, calm down, shift back into a hylian, and go to the village. The heroes are smart; he's already caught wind of their trail, from the woods and into the village. They'll be safe there, he knows it.

Twilight's breathing has evened out, and so he concentrates on letting the wolf fade away, and the hylian come forth. The shift is quick, as usual, but something is wrong.

He's standing as a hylian, but the crystal is firmly in his grasp, and before he can try and let go of it, he's back on four paws again.

Don't panic. Breathe. Try again.

He shifts back, but still cannot release his grip, and the crystal forces him back to a wolf again.

Don't panic don't panic don't panic.

After the third attempt, he collapses back down and whines into his paws, his entire body trembling from the efforts of switching so rapidly.

The crystal doesn't want to leave him.

It was alright, before, on a cord around his neck, which he would simply touch, to shift. But the cord broke, and he grabbed the crystal with such desperation... his body will not allow him to let it go.

There's only one thing that could help: the Master Sword.

Twilight groans, though it comes out more as a frustrated growl. He *cannot* ask for help like this, it is *impossible*, and how would he explain to the other heroes? This is why he has kept so distant, for fear of them discovering that he carries a darkness with him, every day - a darkness that he *enjoys*.

He doesn't know what they'll say, what they'll *do*, if they find out. What his *village* will do - they were so good, to take him in, but what will happen when they realise he's a *monster*?

He's panicking again, and turns his focus back to steadying his breathing. It will be alright; he has snuck into the village before, to take weapons, and that was near the beginning of his journey, when he used to struggle in his second form. Sky will not let the sword go far, he knows this, so he will have to be quick and careful. All he has to do is find the sword, touch it, and then wrap the crystal in a cloth until he

can find a way to fix it back onto a necklace. He only needs ten seconds, that's all.

Night will be the best time to strike, he knows, so he contents himself with waiting for the dusk to fall.

When it comes, he forces himself up, ignoring the ache in his body. He's exhausted, but he can't rest, not until he's resolved this issue, not until he's back in hylia form. So he creeps towards the village, keeping low, and making sure to hide in the tall grasses, pausing frequently to check for anyone watching.

Unlike the last time he did this, he's completely on his own.

Twilight pauses, and takes a deep breath, letting his senses take over as he tries to locate the heroes, in particular, Sky. Their scents are very different from any of the villagers, and he is quickly able to determine that they went to the mayor's house. Of course, that makes sense; he has the back room for sumo wrestling that can easily fit all the heroes. Twilight has never snuck into there before, but there's a first time for everything.

He tries not to think about how he was only successful at getting into buildings before, because *she* was there to help-

No. Focus, he tells himself, and advances slowly. His footfalls seem too loud, but he's tired, and everything is amplified in these ears. He just needs to focus - oh, is that a cat? - *stop it!*

Now outside the mayor's house, he patrols around, looking for any weakness, somewhere he can enter. There doesn't

seem to be anywhere to dig, and the door is tightly shut. Fortune, it seems, is entirely *not* on his side today.

The wolf is getting frustrated, and he just feels *sick*, this anxiety thrumming in his chest making it hard to think straight. So when he backs up then runs at a window, the glass shatters violently, and as he tumbles on the floor all he can think is *not again not again not again* -

Shards dig into his paws as the wolf takes over, forcing him back up onto all fours, and quickly hurrying through to the larger room. The heroes are wrapped up in blankets, spread across the floor, and he limps around them, trying to find the Master Sword, where is it, where is it, *where is it?*

Twilight freezes as one of the heroes stirs, eyes opening sleepily, but they are not the hardened eyes of a warrior. No, they are the eyes of a *child*.

The heroes aren't here; his senses were wrong, he got confused, these... these are the *children*...

The child screams, and immediately wakes the others. It's a chaotic scramble, and Twilight frantically backs away, putting as much distance between himself and the children as possible.

"What's going on here?" Mayor Bo exclaims, entering the room.

"*Wolf!*" Beth screams, and points at directly at Twilight.

The mayor's eyes widen, and he quickly grabs a broom that is resting against the wall.

"Behind me, quickly!" he commands, and the children all obey, almost tripping over blankets and each other as they

scurry to get away from the wolf. Then the mayor advances, holding out the broom out as a makeshift weapon.

"How did it get in here?"

"Pa, the window is broken," Ilia says, and the panic in her voice makes Twilight's chest *ache* from the guilt.

"But why would it come *inside* - oh, we can debate that when it's gone!"

"Gone? Do you mean dead?" Ilia asks.

Bo nods solemnly. "Yes." He takes another step forward and swings the broom, hitting Twilight on the nose. He whimpers and scrambles back until he's pressed against the wall, his heart hammering against his ribs.

Oh spirits, they're going to kill me - I don't want to die, I didn't mean for this to happen, I'm sorry, I'm sorry -

He cowers down, making himself as small as he can, and a distressed whine slips out as he squeezes his eyes shut.

Please, Bo, get Ilia and the children away, they don't deserve to see this, don't make them suffer more. Spirits know they're been through enough...

"Pa, wait. You don't have a sword," Ilia points out, "And look. It's injured, and it's submitting, too. We could just leave it here, decide in the morning."

Twilight dares to open his eyes, and his breathing hitches when he sees how *close* Bo is, his bare hands mere inches from the wolf's throat.

"Alright," the man sighs, and thankfully steps back, though Twilight does not relax in the slightest. "Pass me some rope, then take the kids back to their homes."

Ilia complies, and the wolf doesn't move a muscle as Bo wraps the rope tightly around his muzzle, then loops the end through the shackle on his front leg. It's already chafing his skin, and making it harder to breathe, but he can't fight back, he can't do *anything* except let his fear show, and pray to the spirits that they'll release him in the morning.

"Stay," Bo commands firmly, then he walks away, not turning his back to the wolf until the doors to the room are shut and a bolt slid into place.

Then the wolf's entire body shudders with a muffled sob, and tears fall, soaking the cruel rope. He tries to move, but he can barely raise his head, due to the restraint keeping his head down and pressed against his paw. It's uncomfortable, but he's tired, *so* tired, and so *foolish* as well. To think that this would work, that he could sneak in by *himself* and solve his problems *alone*! He should've just tried to locate his *own* Master Sword, and not taken the easy path, because look at where *that* has got him. Trapped, as a wolf, and this time, there is no princess coming to save him.

There is no-one coming at all.

Notes for the Chapter:

I've only got a little more of this written, as in, half of another chapter... but that's it.

I just wanted a Twi-centric fic with Wolfie angst, involving the Ordon villagers as well, hence me writing this fic lol.

So yeah, any ideas, suggestions, all very much welcome! Feel free to comment here with any ideas! No pressure though. It's encouraging too, knowing that you guys are reading this & enjoying it :)

Thank you so very much for reading! ~~now excuse me whilst i go cry some more over broken mirrors and tragic heroes ;;~~